

# Essex County Herald.

VOL. XXXI

ISLAND POND, VT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1903.

NO. 25

**Essex District Probate Court.**  
Sittings of said Court will be held at  
Brighton the second Tuesday of October and  
April, Cambridge the second Tuesday of No-  
vember and May, West Concord the second  
Tuesday of December and June, Lunenburg  
the second Tuesday of January and July.  
Special sessions will be held at any place in  
the district by agreement.  
SHERIFF CHASE, Judge.

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## LAVANDERIA'S DEBACLE

By ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER

**E**MILE ZOLA employed the  
word "debacle" to signify a  
great catastrophe, a rupture,  
a deluge, a bursting forth. A  
bursting forth is a breaking out, and if  
ever woman broke out on this planet  
that woman was Lavanderia. So we  
say "Lavanderia's debacle."

The first time the boarders saw La-  
vanderia was on a high church holiday,  
one of those grand occasions which in-  
tervene, let us say, about twice a week  
in Manila. When it comes to observ-  
ing saints' days there is more religion  
to the cubic inch in the Tagalo than in  
any other living creature. Wild horses  
could not drag him to his ordinary vo-  
cations on such a day. In the morn-  
ing he stands at the street hydrant  
with as little clothing on him as the  
law allows, none at all if there be no  
policeman by, and pours water upon  
himself till he is wet all over, which is  
his idea of taking a bath. Then he  
dries himself in the sun, puts himself  
into his new embroidered holy week  
shirt and smokes and meditates and  
sometimes steps out to church in all  
his glory.

The little brown Tagalo wife, more  
modest and devout, pours water over  
herself in her own little patch of back  
yard, greases her black hair with co-  
conut oil, patting it down till it shines  
like a mirror, then dons her grandest  
attire and goes to church.

It was on her way to church that the  
boarders first saw Lavanderia attired  
in the style of Filipino high art and  
fashion. She was bareheaded, and be-  
hind her in the dust dragged some  
eighteen inches of the rounded red cot-  
ton tail of her gown. No Tagalo lady  
would be "dressed up" without that  
terminal to her skirt. Her little brown  
feet were bare save for small wooden  
soled slippers that clattered and drag-  
ged upon the ground as she walked.

Thus festively attired, Lavanderia  
floated like a vision past the house of  
the boarders one high saint day. Astride  
her left hip rode a child of two years  
or thereabout, her left arm encircling  
him. This is the Tagalo way of carry-  
ing babies. The boy wore a shirt reach-  
ing down to his waist; beyond that  
nothing. This is the Tagalo way of  
dressing babies. It gives them ring-  
worm to clothe them below the waist,  
the saying is. The boy did not belong  
to Lavanderia, however, as she care-  
fully explained to the boarders when  
she came to know them better. He  
was merely "the son of her brother of  
her," and she was nursing him out of  
pure good nature. To add to the attrac-  
tiveness, as it were, of the picture she  
made that day, she carried behind her  
hips a large Manila cigar that looked  
like a young battering ram.

As she passed she lifted her face and  
deliberately measured with her eyes  
the white men who were looking down



SEE FLOATED LIKE A VISION PAST THE HOUSE.

from the windows. She had thus  
adorned herself to make an impression  
on them, had this fiery hearted, red,  
black, brown creature. And not all the  
redness of her hair and the shine of  
her gossamer black hair could obscure  
the brightness of her eyes as she threw  
her glance upward. They were  
strange eyes, large, black and glitter-  
ing like the eyes of a cat. In spite of  
her cigar and the young one astride on  
her hip, she looked impressive, like a  
volcano goddess.

She was a lavanderia, which sounds  
grand in Spanish. Like so many other  
things grand in Spanish, however, it  
becomes only mean and measly when  
turned into blunt English. In brief,  
she was a wash lady.

her to buy food. Those of the boarders  
who were up in literature thought of  
Du Maurier's Trilby and granted her  
petition. Besides that, they gave her  
the name of Lavanderia.

So it happened that Lavanderia be-  
came wash lady in ordinary to the white  
men of the Manila boarding house.  
She did the linen skillfully at first and  
even returned it no more than a week  
later than she had promised. Then the  
Tagalo nature got the better of her,  
and she began to lapse. Aaron Burr of  
the famous motto, "Never do today  
what you can put off till tomorrow,"  
would have been enraptured with the  
Tagalos. Not only they not do to-  
day what they can put off till tomor-  
row, but they never do it at all until  
forced by dire necessity. So Lavander-  
ia of the weird, passionate eyes began  
to lag with the linen. Worst of all, as  
time went on she manifested an un-  
comfortable tendency to court the  
boarders. This was before the shock  
came. Singling out two likely bache-  
lors, she bestowed on them lavish at-  
tention. She brought them bouquets  
for their rooms. She sat beside them,  
close as the torridity of the tempera-  
ture would permit, and manifested a  
disposition to stay there forever, smok-  
ing meanwhile as many cigarettes as  
the benevolent white men were willing  
to supply her with.

Plainly, Lavanderia wanted to marry  
one of the white gentlemen. Such  
things had been, and white men, Span-  
iards and Frenchmen, now and then an  
Englishman, had wedded brown wom-  
en in the Philippines. At least if one of  
the big bombastic Americans would not  
take her permanently he might marry  
her for a little while, and even that  
was better than being tied to a brown  
stallman or house servant for a whole  
lifetime.

One of the bachelors escaped and  
went elsewhere to lodge, leaving the  
other to bear the whole brunt of La-  
vanderia's lovelornness. This was hard  
on the man who was left. Lavander-  
ia came at early morn and dewy eve,  
sitting sadly silent, fastening her shining  
dark eyes upon the one face, transfix-  
ing with her tender gaze the bachelor  
who was left. She persecuted him with  
her attentions; she bade him to her  
hut of woven nipa palm; she invited  
him to attend in her blissful company  
native dances and feasts of roast pig  
and rice till he could scarce stir from  
home without the uncomfortable con-  
sciousness that somehow the brown  
wash lady would discover it and know  
where he went. He was a tender  
hearted youth, although city born and  
bred, and he could not think of taking  
away the laundering from Lavanderia.  
Did she not depend on this work for  
her bread? Presently the whole neigh-  
borhood began to take an interest in  
Lavanderia's love affair. The evil  
minded world, ever ready to believe  
wrong of a man just because he is a  
man, could not be convinced that he  
had not taken the initiative in the case.  
He groaned inwardly as he thought to  
himself, "If mother could only see me

now?"

One Sunday afternoon, "dressed to  
kill," a new red gingham train stream-  
ing behind her like the fiery tail of a  
comet, her hair shining with an extra  
greasing and patting, the fair brown  
widow came to invite and accompany  
the object of her affections to a native  
dance. The tender heart which at all  
times stood in his way so restrained  
him that he did not wish to hurt her  
feelings even then. He told her to go  
on to the ball, and he would come by  
and by.

"Poco tiempo?" (In a little time) she  
asked.

"Yes, yes," answered the embarrass-  
ed bachelor.

"In an hour maybe?" persisted the  
enchanted.

"Yes, yes," again replied the troubled  
bachelor.

"Then I wait," said Lavanderia. She  
dropped her straw slippers outside the  
threshold, tucked her fiery train about  
her knees and squatted down, Tagalo  
fashion, in the very front door of the  
mission, in full view of all who pass-  
ed.

"I wait," she repeated tranquilly.  
For a young white man to be seen  
walking on the open street of a Sunday  
afternoon with a brown widow dressed  
in the height of all her heathen finery,  
with scores of waggish American sol-  
diers and all his own acquaintances  
looking on at the show, was more than  
his nerves could bear. But to have the  
same "vinda" squatting barefoot and  
familiarily upon his front door step in  
sight of all the world was even worse.

The bachelor softly withdrew from the  
chair in which he had been sitting near  
the door.

The hour passed by the clock. The  
brown widow with the fiery train sat  
the bachelor out fair and square. Per-  
spiration had gathered upon his brow.  
He pulled himself together and in-  
formed Lavanderia in his broken Yan-  
kee Spanish that in the nick of time he  
remembered how he had made an en-  
gagement for that afternoon, and it  
would consequently be impossible for  
him to attend the Tagalo ball at all.  
Thereupon, murmuring her regrets in  
broken Tagalo Spanish, Lavanderia  
gathered up her brilliant train, stuck  
her toes into her slippers and tore her-  
self away.

The bachelor breathed once more. It  
seemed to him life was again worth  
living. He gave the fair lavanderia  
time to get clean away to the ball.  
Then he donned his best white linen  
suit and his best white Manila hat  
with the folds of ivory silk around it,  
and sallied forth, anywhere, anywhere,  
to escape the atmosphere of that dread  
on his soul's trial. With that spiritual  
intuition which, we are told, still in-  
gers pure and unadulterated in savage  
races Lavanderia had perceived his  
strategy and balked it. She drew her  
dusty bare feet up under her upon a  
table in front of a palm shed near the  
street crossing and waited for her  
prey. When it came she pounced upon

it. Like a cat, she jumped from the  
table to his side and started to convey  
the handsome white youth in triumph  
to the dusky ball.

His feelings at that moment he could  
never afterward find language to de-  
scribe. Only a professor of profane  
language could have done justice to the  
situation, and that the young man was  
not. He had not been in Manila long  
enough. He simply broke heartlessly  
and ruthlessly from that tender, de-  
taining clasp and ran for his life. La-  
vanderia dwelling along a quiet  
side street who had awakened from  
their afternoon siesta were astonished  
at the spectacle of a long legged young



man clad in snowy white running as if  
the fiend were after him—as it was, in-  
deed, only that time it could not catch  
him.

What wonder that under the burden  
of Lavanderia's love the bachelor be-  
came pale and restless and could no  
longer sleep nights! It was harder on  
him than being in love himself. He  
grew dyspeptic and smoked more than  
was good for him.

The Spanish word for "trouble" is of  
the masculine gender, and very prop-  
erly. One morning early a chewed up  
little brown monkey of a man was seen  
enter the leafy hut where dwelt La-  
vanderia. He carried a shabby, small  
yellow trunk that might have contain-  
ed either clothing or ammunition to be  
smuggled to the insurgents.

Immediately arose a tremendous  
commotion. Dogs barked, poultry

clucked, children screamed. Presently  
emerged from the dusty litterage La-  
vanderia. She was in a state of volu-  
cane eruption. Never since the days  
of the bacchantes was enacted a drama  
more furious. Lavanderia hurled things  
about all over, boxes, rags, red robes,  
slippers, ironing boards, mats and  
saints' pictures. You have read in  
novels how people tear their hair, but  
perhaps have never seen anybody do  
it. Lavanderia did it literally. She  
dragged the confining comb from her  
long, oily locks and clawed them this  
way and that till she looked like a  
fury. She was a fury for the time.  
Her climax was to rush to the shallow  
ditch beside the street, throw herself  
into it and roll over and over. She  
tore up handfuls of grass and dust and  
scattered them over herself and upon  
the surrounding air. Her brown neigh-  
bors and friends did not interfere with  
her, but gathered in a ring around her  
off at a safe distance to see the show.

All the while there issued from her  
lips strange, monkeylike screams and  
jabberings, half Spanish, half Tagalo—  
to wit:

"Matrimony no good, husband no  
good, no want husband, no want mat-  
rimony, husband much bad, matrimony  
much bad, no want matrimony, no want  
husband—ang pang bago, macyun-  
yung, matrimonyo mucho malo, mari-  
do mucho malo, pag bag dagumag."

This performance was merely the  
proper Tagalo manner of expressing  
the unpleasant emotions of the delicate  
feminine mind.

The truth was Lavanderia was not a  
"vinda" at all. She had a living hus-  
band, large as life—large as Tagalo  
life, that is, which is not much of a  
size. She was a weary of him and de-  
sired to change him for one of the tall  
white gentleman boarders opposite.  
Her husband had been in Aguinaldo's  
army fighting the Americans, but had  
got away and come home.

Never was a husband more unwel-  
come than this withered old looking lit-  
tle brown man. The shock was more  
than Lavanderia could bear.

Suddenly she stopped rolling upon  
the ground, raised herself to a sitting  
posture and glared about her. At the  
diagonal street corner stood two Amer-  
ican soldiers doing police duty in that  
part of Manila. They were beardless  
boys, yet tall, good looking and well  
grown. They wisely deemed it unne-  
cessary to interfere with Lavanderia's  
show. The fact is they wanted to see  
the fun as much as anybody. Lavander-  
ia perceived them and, with heaven  
knows what wild, yearning thoughts in  
her breast, made a dive for them.

"Ang pang bang igalang, marido mu-  
cho malo!"



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## FRAU WAGNERANGRY

WHY SHE SEEKS TO PREVENT THE PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL"

Widow of the Great Composer Says It Was His Desire That the Sacred Music Drama Should Never Be Performed Outside of Baireuth.

Musical circles all over the world are deeply interested in the outcome of the action, recently instituted in New York by Frau Cosima Wagner and her son, Siegfried Wagner, to restrain Heinrich Conried, manager of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, from producing the sacred music drama "Parsifal."

In presenting her case to the United States circuit court Frau Wagner through her attorneys states that in 1877 Richard Wagner composed the poem and in 1879 the music for what he called a sacred music drama, known as "Parsifal," the story of which is founded upon the old Arthurian legend of "the Holy Grail," and introduces Biblical characters and incidents, including the baptism of Christ, the last supper, Mary Magdalene washing the feet of the Saviour, etc.

Frau Wagner says that "Parsifal" was the crowning work of her husband and that because of its religious and spiritual nature should not be included in the same category as his other musical compositions or be subject to pecuniary transactions, but should be kept separate and apart and performed nowhere outside of Baireuth, Bavaria.

A few years prior to his death in 1883 Richard Wagner built the theater at Baireuth known as the Festspielhaus, which was solely devoted to the presentation of his works, and it is claimed by his widow that neither Wagner nor any of his family has ever received any pecuniary benefit from the "Parsifal" performances and that "Parsifal" is performed solely in accordance with the desire of its creator and in the interest of art and musical culture.

The great Wagner theater, in which "Parsifal" is annually presented, stands about a mile to the north of the town of Baireuth on a little hill. It is a great red building not at all impressive architecturally, but towering high above the trees. The auditorium is of unusual construction, one great mass of seats, nearly 2,000 in number, rising



HERR SIEGFRIED WAGNER.

tier on tier. Below these and beyond the sunken orchestra, which contains 130 pieces, is the great stage.

Those who have witnessed "Parsifal" say the effect of the whole opera can hardly be described. It is so strong and so moving and the musical effect of the great orchestra is so impressive that it is almost painful, even the strongest feeling the strain and intensity of it.

Frau Wagner and her son, Siegfried, personally manage the "Parsifal" festivals of Baireuth. She is described as tall and remarkably thin, with delicate features and a distinguished bearing. She greatly resembles her father, Franz Liszt; is a keen business woman, is wealthy and has the assurance of a continuance of fortune in the royalties from her husband's operas and the sale of his works. Before her marriage to Richard Wagner she had been the wife of another world famous musician, Hans von Bulow.

Herr Siegfried Wagner, her son, is a musician of ability. Physically he is a small man, though larger than was his father, whom he is said to resemble. He was educated to become an architect. His father did not encourage him to study music, and he did not attempt to do so until he was twenty. After working hard and learning to play many instruments he appeared as a conductor of his father's works. His later life has been spent in Baireuth. Several years ago an opera of his own creation, "Der Barenhauser," made a hit in Berlin. Herr Wagner is thirty-four years old and unmarried.

Heinrich Conried, who succeeded Maurice Grau as manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, last winter, is a native of Austria. He had a successful career as an actor in the leading cities of Austria and Germany before he came to this country in 1877 to take charge of the Germania theater, New York. Since then he has conducted several of the leading German theaters of New York with great success.

Frau Wagner in her suit to enjoin Mr. Conried claims that no copy of the score of "Parsifal" has ever been sold without the buyer signing an agreement not to produce it at a public performance. Mr. Conried declares that he has obtained copies of the score which did not bear and had not borne such a clause.